

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- September 16, Sunday.—Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost. The Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- „ 17, Monday.—The Stigmata of St. Francis.
- „ 18, Tuesday.—St. Joseph of Cupertino, Confessor.
- „ 19, Wednesday.—St. Januarius and Companions, Martyrs. Ember Day.
- „ 20, Thursday.—Thursday.—St. Agapitus I., Pope and Confessor.
- „ 21, Friday.—St. Matthew, Apostle. Ember Day.
- „ 22, Saturday.—St. Thomas of Villanova, Bishop and Confessor, Ember Day.

The Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

To drink of that chalice of suffering which the Redeemer of mankind drained to the dregs, has fallen to the lot of all the saints, but most of all to the Mother of God. Owing to the sacred tie which bound her to her Divine Son, she felt most keenly every danger which threatened Him, and every pang that wrung His Sacred Heart. Her seven principal sorrows, commemorated to-day, were the prophecy of St. Simeon, the flight into Egypt, the loss of the Child Jesus in the temple, the carrying of the Cross, the Crucifixion, the taking down from the Cross, and the burial of our Lord.

St. Joseph of Cupertino, Confessor.

St. Joseph, the son of poor parents near Brindisi, in his early years followed the trade of a shoemaker. Having entered, as a lay brother, the Order of Conventual Friars, his superiors, through admiration of his humility and penitential spirit, promoted him to the priesthood. God deigned to reward the virtues of His servant by miraculous favors, which were the occasion of numerous conversions. St. Joseph died in 1663, at the age of 60.

St. Januarius and Companions, Martyrs.

St. Januarius, Bishop of Benevento, in the South of Italy, was, with six companions, beheaded during the persecution of Diocletian. The remains of St. Januarius were conveyed to Naples, where every year on his feast and during the octave, the celebrated miracle of the liquefaction of his blood takes place.

St. Thomas of Villanova.

St. Thomas was born at Fuenlana (Leon), Spain, in 1488, and died at Valencia, of which he was Archbishop, in 1555. He was distinguished for his humility and charity, and merited the glorious surname of the 'Father of the Poor.'

GRAINS OF GOLD.

A BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

What makes a beautiful river?

The clear, cool water that fills its bed,
And speeds along with a rippling song
To the ocean far ahead.

What makes a beautiful mind?

The sweet, pure thoughts that mingle there,
And blissfully to memory's sea—
They pass—an endless prayer.

— Ave Maria.

A new light in our heart makes an occasion; but an occasion is an opportunity, not for building a tabernacle, and feeling thankful, and looking back to another memory, but for shedding the new light on the old path, and doing old duties with new inspiration. The uncommon life is the child of the common day, lived in an uncommon way.

Attain, ever attain, but let it be along original lines. Take no one for your model. Your counterpart never has been, and to fashion yourself after another is going to interfere with that special development which differentiates you from every other human being. The same is true of your work. There is a work which you can do, and which, if you do not, must go undone. To find that work and then do it as you can do it—not as another does it—that is success.

The Storyteller

MARGARET DREW

(Concluded from last week.)

In the following spring Roger begged to come home, saying he felt much better, and all that he now needed was to be with his old friends. So one April day he came back, looking bright and cheerful, making light of the tedious cough that still clung to him. But May is a treacherous month, and that particular May swept over the land in blighting sleet and heavy rain. The early buds of spring in garden and orchard were nipped and shrivelled, and the birds were silent in their nests, striving with outstretched wings to shield their young from cold. Roger was obliged to keep indoors, and ere the month was half over, he could not leave his bed.

I need scarcely dwell on that harrowing time, when hope grew less day by day. Margaret Drew came and went, like the ministering angel that she was, breathing words of love and consolation, thinking of everyone, doing all things needful, and all in her quiet, unassuming way, as if only obeying the suggestions of others. Shortly before the end, she came out of Roger's room one evening, weeping bitterly. He had asked to see her alone, but not for many years did she refer to the subject of their interview.

Harry came to clasp his friend's hand once more, and to stand beside his grave on Kiltlog hill, sad and lonely for the comrade in whom every dear association of childhood and youth was bound up. He stayed but a few days at home, for his regiment was ordered off on active service, and with a heavy heart he was obliged to bid farewell to his old father, knowing not what the chances of war might bring, or whether he might ever see his face again.

V.

Five years brings many changes. Sir Joseph in that time had become an old man, stooped and slow of gait. Anxiety for his only son might account for this, for Harry had not passed through the war unscathed. There had been one dreadful day when his name had appeared among the wounded, and not only the manor house, but the whole village was in a state of commotion. It seemed a century of time until they learned that all danger was over, and then the days dragged slowly on before the war ended, and Sir Joseph might look once more for the return of his gallant son.

In the cottage things were quieter than before. The five lusty boys had gone out into the world to take their chance of good or ill fortune, and Mrs. Martyn had grown many grey hairs in solicitude and anxiety.

Clare had bloomed into full womanhood, matured by sorrow and frustrated hope. Her face had grown beautiful in its calm dignity, and bore the stamp of a soul purified and strengthened by the patient and submissive endurance of grievous trial. Out of her blue eyes there shone the light of self-forgetfulness and wide love for others, and wherever there was sorrow or sickness or trouble of any kind, there was Clare Martyn to be found.

Margaret Drew had changed least of any. She was a little less active, but none the less kindly interested in all that concerned her friends, young and old, rich and poor. Griets and joys were poured into her sympathetic ear as frequently as before, and new generations of village children sought her caresses and her sweetmeats just as their predecessors had done.

Roger was not forgotten. He still lived in the hearts of those who had known him, and more than one sought in vain to make Clare the mistress of his home. She turned away from all, keeping his memory and his love sacred to herself.

Five years had gone by since Harry had watched the last sod fall on his friend's grave. Now he came slowly up the hill to visit it once more. He had spent the afternoon quietly with his father, and had set out under the rising moon to see those other dear friends of whom he had thought so often when far away. Lights shone from Margaret's windows, but he must first pay his solemn duty to the dead. The rays of the moon guided him to the high marble cross, and there he saw Clare standing, almost without surprise.

Their hands clasped, and few words were spoken. One glance in her eyes dashed his hopes to the very earth. They walked down the hill to the cottage, and there in the full lamp light he saw how beautiful she had grown. Under Mrs. Martyn's cherry influence fresh hope dawned, as Clare brightened and hardly tried to conceal her pleasure in his return.